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Longwood College November, 1950

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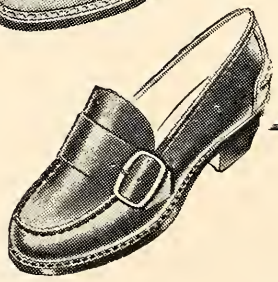

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LONGWOOD COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

Vol. XIII | November, 1950 | No. 1

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From Across the Desk...

Hail to everyone connected with Longwood College. May the Joan of Arc spirit be yours always! For many years the spirit of Joan of Arc has inspired thousands of young women to greater deeds. Sensitive to duty and responsive to the Voices that guided her, the Maid of Orleans, as she was called, set forth to conquer for France. "Well-armored" not only with a coat of mail, but with a "faith that knows no fear," she rode at the head of the French army and led them to one victory after another till at last she saved her country from the English and saw Charles, the Dauphin Prince, crowned King of France.

Her obedience to the Voices that urged her to do for her country that which seemed impossible for any teen-age girl to do, much less an unlettered peasant girl, her achievements, her faith, and her "inaccessibility to vanity and hate even in the moments of victory" as John Gerson puts it—all these and more are what inspired the students of Longwood College to choose the spirit of Joan of Arc as their ideal.

May Voices speak to all the young men and women of Longwood College today. And may they be obedient unto them! For as never before our country—"America the Beautiful"—has need for young men and young women with the Joan of Arc spirit to fight for Democracy—to save her from that threatening monster — Communism.

And so it behooves everyone connected with Longwood College whether he be student, student-teacher, member of the administration, or member of the faculty, to catch anew the Joan of Arc spirit and to fight dauntlessly the enemies of Democracy. Our public schools are our greatest bulwark against Communism.

So long as Longwood College inspires her young men and women with the Joan of Arc spirit—with a desire to serve nobly their God, their fellowman, and their country, not for popularity, "nor for profit nor honor," but for the good they can do—each in his own way—she is not living in vain.

E. F. D.

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The Story Behind the Statues

Betty Lou Harman

JOAN OF ARC will never die, though history says she lived only nineteen years. Today, she stands out as a symbol of eagerness and bravery; of loyalty to purpose and faithfulness to duty; of service to her country and her fellowman. Because the spirit of Joan of Arc is what it is, the young women of Longwood College more than a quarter of a century ago chose her as their ideal—as their "patron saint".

Today, two statues of the Maid of Orleans stand on our campus. To the class of 1914, we are indeed grateful for their gift of the statue of Joan of Arc that now stands in the center of the Rotunda where it arrests the attention of thousands of students and visitors. This statue is a reproduction of the famous one chiseled in 1870 by the French sculptor, Henri-Michel-Antoine Chapu of Paris. He called it "Jeanne d'Arc ecoutant les voix" (Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices"). Today, the original stands in the Museum of Luxembourg, Paris.

Throughout the years that thoughtful listening look on the little French maid's face has inspired all kinds of people of the Old World to higher things. Likewise, for years it has inspired Longwood students to higher ideals.

Maria Bristow, now Mrs. Thomas J. Starke of Richmond, Virginia, was the president of that "famous" 1914 class. Somehow her father, Mr. R. C. Bristow, caught her enthusiasm and made a gift that covered the cost of the transportation of the statue, and the building of the pedestal. Her letter, which I quote here in part, tells the story back of the statue in the Rotunda.

Dear Betty Lou.

Endeavoring to decide upon a theme for the salutatory address for graduation exercises, June 1914, I appealed to Mr. James Grainger for help. From his suggestions, I chose "Leadership of Women" with Joan of Arc as the example or symbol.

At the same time that I was struggling for a theme, the Senior Class was deliberating over an appropriate gift to the College. Fortunately, we learned from Dr. Jarman that he had long wished to have a suitable piece of statuary for the Rotunda. After much research and several consultations with Dr. Jarman, the class of 1914, on his recommendation, decided that their gift to the College would be a statue of "Joan of Arc Listening to the Voices" as sculptured by Chapu.

The statue did not arrive in time for Commencement that June. But that summer my father, Mr. R. C. Bristow, later Business Manager of the College, supervised the uncrating of the statue, the building of the pedestal, and the placing of the statue in the Rotunda.

Sincerely,

Maria Bristow Starke, Class 1914
(Mrs. Thomas J. Starke)

The other statue of Joan of Arc for which we are grateful is the "Equestrian Statue" which stands under the Colonnade. This statue depicts the brave maid obeying the voices which told her to take up arms for France. It represents her mounted with sword raised high, just as when she led the French Army to victory. This statue was presented to the College in 1927 by Anna Hyatt Huntington, the famous American sculptor. Had it not been for the enthusiasm and initiative of Lucy Haile Overbey, a 1927 Longwood girl who truly had the Joan of Arc spirit, likely we would not have this "Equestrian Statue of Joan of Arc." You

will probably think so, too, when you read these excerpts from her letter and newspaper clippings which follow it.

Farmville, Virginia
February 15, 1927

My dear Mrs. Huntington,

In reply to your letter of November, 12, 1926, I wish to thank you for your information concerning the statue of Joan of Arc.

Since November we have been corresponding with Mr. Drake. He said the terms would be on a thirty-day basis, and that the price was fixed by the sculptor . . . The statue in which we are interested is the Bronze Statuette 4'3" in height . . . At the suggestion of our President, Dr. J. L. Jarman, we are negotiating with a local bank here . . . The money will have to be raised in three years by a small group of girls in a student body of 1,000 . . . To raise it, means that we will have to make the greatest sacrifices we have ever made . . . However, each of us is fired with such a keen desire to have this statue that nothing can stop us . . . And it's your statue, Mrs. Huntington, that has inspired us . . . We have studied every picture and every statue of Joan of Arc, and yours is the only one that represents the ideals of our Joan of Arc Circle.

The state of Virginia has five colleges for women, but Farmville is the oldest of them all . . . The statue will be placed in front of our largest and most beautiful building . . . It will inspire not only the present group of students, but also the thousands of Virginia girls who are yet to enter State Teachers College . . . In years to come this statue will mean to them what it now means to us.

And now, Mrs. Huntington, because you are the creator of the only statue that represents our ideals, we ask if there is anyway you can help us.

Sincerely,
Lucy Haile Overbey
Secretary of the Joan of Arc Circle
of
Alpha Delta Rho

From the **Roanoke News:**

SCULPTOR PRESENTS JOAN MODEL TO STUDENTS WHO LACKED MONEY

Farmville. April 30, 1927 (Special).—The student body of the State Teachers College, Farmville, has recently received a beautiful gift. Anna Hyatt Huntington, American woman sculptor, has presented the college with a four-foot bronze model of her famous "Equestrian Statue of Joan of Arc."

The history of Mrs. Huntington's interest in the college and its ideals is somewhat unusual. In searching for a gift which would embody its ideals of leadership and service, the Joan Circle of Alpha Delta Rho, an honorary society of the State Teachers College, selected, from all the art portraying Joan of Arc, Mrs. Huntington's "Equestrian Statue". The price of the model selected was almost prohibitive to the group of girls who wished to present it to the college, but their enthusiasm would brook no hindrance and arrangements were made for its purchase.

Meanwhile one of the members of the organization, Miss Lucy Haile Overbey, wrote a personal letter to the sculptor. It was this epistle, fired with faith which so enlisted the interest of Mrs. Huntington and her husband that they ordered the statue delivered as a gift rather than as a sale.

There are three large replicas of this work in the world, one in Mrs. Huntington's native state, Massachusetts, one on Riverside Drive, New York City, and one in France. But the fact implied in Miss Overbey's letter, which no doubt touched the artist, is that none of these could have so great an opportunity for noble inspiraation as might be possessed by the Joan triumphantly lifting high her sword under the arcade of the Teachers College at Farmville, Virginia, where thousands of girls, now and in the future, may linger and gaze and imbibe the thrilling influence of the maid who gave all and asked nothing for herself.

Donates Model

Mrs. Huntington is reply to Miss Overbey's letter wrote in part:

"In answer to your letter of the 13th I am much interested and pleased that your Joan Circle has chosen my statue of Joan of Arc out of all the others.

"I spoke to my husband about your raising a fund among you to purchase a four-foot model and he asked me to write to your circle that he would be very glad to present the Joan Circle of Farmvile, Virginia, with such a bronze copy of the four-foot model.

"I have sent today an order to the Gorham Company to forward to the Joan Circle a bronze copy which my husband and I hope you will accept with our best wishes to the Joan Circle.

Sincerely yours,
Anna H. Huntington

Continued on page 22

JOAN OF ARC

LISTENING TO THE VOICES

in

THE ROTUNDA

THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE

in

THE COLONNADE

"I even looked at the dog tags."

ONE WAY HOME

Lester Trout '54

First Prize Winner in Short Story Contest

OUR ship tossed about in the choppy waters of the South Pacific. Almost every man on board was top-side. The air there was fresh and invigorating. In the compartments it was stale and stuffy and depressing. Many of us were shooting the bull about various things. Some to pass the time away; others to free their minds of things they didn't want to remember.

Ten days had passed since we had first put out to sea. With the exception of the Skipper, our destination was unknown to any of us. Yet by the size of our task force all of us knew something big was coming off. In fact, we were all expecting hell to break loose just any morning at break of dawn. That was the usual procedure in the Pacific Theatre. There were many on board who didn't give a damn what happened. To tell the truth, by this time the majority of us felt ourselves veterans of hell.

One afternoon I was sitting alone on the bow of the ship wishing that I had done some of the things I hadn't, and that I hadn't done some things I had. After some time had elapsed, I began looking around the deck and listening to the other fellows beating their gums about various things.

One fellow, a rather refined-looking person, said something about getting a "Dear John letter" from his wife before we left Pearl Harbor. Another burly six-footer blurted out, "What the hell do you care about a "Dear John letter"? I got word from reliable sources that there are plenty of good-looking Gook women where we're going."

The first fellow jeered: "Yea, who are your reliable sources?" "Can't tell you that," he said, "It's a military secret."

Gathered on the starboard-side of number one hold, a small group of men were singing together, trying to harmonize. I laughed inwardly as I wondered if their singing affected anyone else as it did me. Somehow it reminded me of the frogs in the old mill pond, where as a boy, I had spent many summer evenings fishing and swimming in my birthday suit.

Suddenly I was whisked away from these nostalgic thoughts by screaming and yelling from the far side of the ship. When I got there, the commotion was about over. Two G. I.'s were holding another G. I. who was still trying frantically to jump over board. He kept screaming, "Please, let me get it over with! Why wait any longer? My luck has run out! Please let me do it the easy way!"

A handsome, stalwart young lad stepped forward. He looked too young to be away from his mother's care. Yet, he grabbed the screaming man by the shirt collar, back-handed him a couple of times, and told him to snap out of it. "Listen, Mac, get this through your thick skull. We're all going home after this run. But, if you give up before you start, you haven't got a chance."

The screams stopped. "I never thought of it in that way before. Thanks kid! Gee, thanks an awful lot!"

After the crowd broke, I walked over to the kid and introduced myself. "Glad to know you, Trout," he said, "Just call me Ned. In fact, you may call me whatever you like—just so you call me for chow and pay."

"Pretty quick thinking, Kid," I said approvingly. He smiled, "Shucks, I was trying to convince myself as much as him. It's pretty hard, you know, for me to get stuff like that through my own skull."

From that day forward Ned Roberts

and I were very close friends. We were like the Negro and his dog. Where you saw one of us, you saw both of us. The night before D-day we shook hands on a deal: we would correspond in case we got split up. If he should get back to the States first and get leave, he would look my folks up and tell them the usual lie about how happy and well-pleased I was. If I should get back first, I was to do the same thing for him.

About three o'clock the next morning, the G. Q. alarm was sounded. Only a short time before everything was quiet and peaceful. Now, all Hell was breaking loose. Our battle wagons had opened up and were shelling the beach. Higgins barges were being lowered over the side. Men were slowly weaving their way down the rope ladders into the barges. At a distance they looked like flies in a large spiderweb. I was going over the side when Ned yelled, "Where to, Trout?"

"Red Beach," I replied. "What about you?"

"I got Yellow Beach. Real flashy, you know! Nothing but the best for me!" With that, he was out of sight.

We were hit pretty hard the first few days on the beach. I was kept busy taking care of the wounded. Things had quieted down some by the fourth day. Late in the evening I decided to stroll down the beach to see if any of our wounded had been overlooked. Then, too, I wanted to see if I could tell what the ratio was between our dead and the enemies'. After walking about a mile down the beach, passing many dead, I noticed a number of bodies in the water. I dragged seven or eight in to keep them from drifting out to sea. As I dragged the last body in, I stumbled and fell. I looked back to see what I had stumbled over. Another body was face down on the beach. Something—I don't know what—made me go over and turn the body upright. When I saw the face smiling up at me, my heart sank. "It can't be," I thought. "No, it can't be!" I even checked the dog tags. "Pvt. Ned Roberts, 266,28,43."

Some time later — how long I don't know—someone laid a gentle hand on my shoulder and said, "The kid sure has a pleasant smile on his face. I wonder why!"

At length, I slowly arose and turned to him, "He's going home—that's why."

The Harbingers of Summer Have Come

by

CHARLES D'ORLEANS

The harbingers of summer have come
To furnish well her dwelling;
And soft they made her coverlet,
With flowers and greenery woven.

Spreading the silky tapestrie
Of grass down o'er the land,
The harbingers of summer have come
To garnish her dwelling fair.

Wearisome hearts so long frozen,
Be off! Be gone from this land.
Winter, you'll live here no longer;
The harbingers of summer have come.

Translation by,
JEAN SMITH

"A translator who can render a masterpiece without losing much of the flavor of the original, is apt himself to be al most a genius."

I REMEMBER

SUZANNE GIRARD

I remember the first day I went to school as if it were yesterday. I can see myself crossing the bridge near my home—my hand in my mother's—and walking toward an unknown world. The school was located on the sixth floor of a house, the main floor of which was the Guignol Theatre—a wonderland of marionettes—where mother used to take us on Fat Tuesday. There was a kind of mystery floating in that house, and the stairway was so mysterious, so strange and steep for my five-year old legs. But on the sixth floor the smiles on the sisters' faces comforted me. My mother left me, and I was alone for the first time in a crowd of unknown people. The sisters soon relieved my anxiety by giving me a slate and a slate pencil, and telling me to draw "barres." I did not want to draw "barres." I already knew how to do that. I had always known. Oh, how I wanted to learn to read and write!

I remember the quietness of the study hours, and the blue-green light of the gas burner—my school was the oldest in town —and the play-times on the garden-like side walks of the quai by the river. Boys on one side and girls on the other. And the way the big ribbon bow jumped on my head when we danced the rings to the tune of "Enfilons, enfilons les aiguiles de bois." What a silly song! Have you ever seen wooden needles! And every morning there was that humiliating procession to the "commodity-room"!

During Easter vacation of that year our family made its annual trip to the Riviera. Before our return my father took us to Italy in our big blue taxi-like car. Think of that! A foreign land for a little girl curious about everything. I was used to going to Switzerland, but that was not a foreign country to me, for the people spoke French just as we did. The Italian customs officers had such funny hats with feathers, and they spoke so fast! I did not see how my older brother could understand them.

The next year my parents decided I should leave the school in the house of the Guignol Theatre and enter a more modern one. And so my studies at the "Ecole Chevreul" began. It was a private school directed by Jesuits. It was a better school than the government schools, but the discipline and the studies were hard. I can still see the six hundred girls ranging from five to eighteen years, coming down the stairs one by one. You could hear a pin drop. But it was thrilling to wear a brand new uniform —a blue dress with white collar—and to have a little grey bag with grey gloves and a black mantilla to wear to chapel. I wore that same uniform for ten years because I did not change schools again.

For a few months I sat beside a girl whose parents lived in Yugoslavia. She went home every summer. I often thought how wonderful it would be to travel as she did.

I had my wish when the next summer our entire family made a trip to the beautiful Black Forest with its picturesque towns. But the customs officer at the border, so fat in his green uniform and smiling so obsequiously was distasteful to me. I hated the looks of his picture on the wall. How could these people like such an ugly man with such a look and such a mustache! He had a funny name, too — Adolf — Adolf Hitler.

In 1934 we celebrated my "Communion Solennelle" and my parents' Silver Wedding Anniversary. I was deeply moved when in my white veil and muslin dress I held the candle and pronounced the sacred oath. That evening at home we had a formal dinner with the whole family and many friends. There were many speeches. From

that day forward, I was considered a "big" girl, and was admitted to the formal dinners we had at home twice a year.

It was in that same year that I entered the sixth grade or my secondary studies. In my school, Latin was obligatory, but this obligation became a pleasure, at least for the first year. Though many times I became tired of working, I knew the only way to learn was to work. But there was another reason: in France the exams are competitive.

I was thirteen and in the third grade when I began to study Greek. That year Greek was taught by a seventy-year old gentleman—the funniest I have ever met and the only one allowed in this girls' school.

The following October I entered the second grade. In this grade in France, we "make our humanities." It was my first hint of what is meant by culture. I was so taken up with my studies that I scarcely paid any attention to the outside world. However, the word "War", repeated many times when the German army invaded Austria, finally awoke me. I did not trust the state of truce between the four great European nations, nor did I trust the look on that face on the wall of the customs office at Brisach.

That summer we were so busy discusing plans for my brother's wedding—the dresses, the party, the guests, etc., that the news of the German invasion came as a shock to us. On September 3, 1939, the day after the wedding, France declared war on Germany, England followed a few hours later. Within a few hours we were launched into the biggest war of the modern world.

It was a strange winter. There were black-outs and air alarms, and yet we could not realize that we were really at war. We knew something terrible was going to happen. But when? And where?

Meanwhile I was working very hard. It was difficult to concentrate, but the "Baccalaureat" — the exam most feared by French students—was to be held at the end of that school year. I felt that I must pass it especially well, because we were at war.

With the first day of spring the nervous tension in France increased. Air warnings grew more frequent, and at five o'clock in the morning of May 10, 1940, we were awakened by the war siren. The fight had really begun! German tanks were invading Deutschland and Belgium, just north of France. The enemy came closer, the crowds passing under our windows increased; the mail did not come; the radio did not work. People said that the enemy was at the door of Lyon. However, on June 17, after nights without sleep, I went, accompanied by my father, to the lycee where the examinations for the "bacalaureat" were to take place. A silent crowd of parents and students filled the street. A little note on the door of the lycee said that "baccalaureat" had been postponed to an unknown date. Silently we returned home, and I took my post at the window. It was a beautiful day, and there were a few girls and young boys swimming in the river. A small crowd of idle older men were watching them. French soldiers and army trucks passed by. One by one the crowd on the quai dispersed. At four o'clock there was not a soul on the streets. But one could hear a dull noise in the distance. A few men ran out on the quai shouting, "They are here! The Germans are here!" The heavy noise increased and thousands of us from behind our shutters watched as they approached in tanks, fingers on tumblers of their machine guns, ready to fire.

The next day the radio worked again. At five o'clock that afternoon, we heard a voice say that France had capitulated. That was impossible! We still had our colonies! They would fight on! Not for one minute did I believe the report that France had surrendered. That announcer was wrong! He had to be wrong! But when we, the people of Lyon went out into the streets, we found Hitler's flag flying high above the town hall and other public buildings. And there were thousands and thousands of Germans walking with that heavy tread which was to be our sonorous background for several years to come.

In fifteen days the stores were completely emptied. Thousands and thousands of trucks filled with goods of all sorts were speeding in the direction of Germany. I

had never known before that France was such a rich country. Three weeks later the Germans left Lyon, because, according to the Armistice, Lyon was in the non-occupied zone of France.

In spite of existing conditions the "baccalaureat" in the district of Lyon was announced for the end of July. The school had re-opened. Two days of terrific nervous strain, and ten days of anguish before the final results were announced — such are some of the recollections I have of the biggest event of a French student's life.

The oral part of the examination was postponed until September. And so my parents and I went to our country home to see if it was still standing and to get the rest we needed after so much emotional strain. We were scarcely installed in our home when a telegram called me back to Lyon. The date of the oral examination had been advanced. After twenty-four hours on the train, and without any preparation, I arrived just in time to present myself to the jury. The following fall, I entered the class preparing for the "baccalaureat" in philosophy.

In the winter of 1940 and 1941, food became so scarce that it was rationed. At the doors of the food stores long lines of people waited even in snow and rain for their meager ration of bread. By this time Lyon was over-crowded with refugees from all parts of occupied France as well as from almost all other European countries —Alsatians, who had been expelled, Jews wanting to escape the Germans, underground thinkers and writers, who although they could not express themselves freely could at least think freely. By January 1941, Lyon had become the intellectual capital of France. A keen-eyed observer could discern signs of the mysterious "underground" movement. Thus, in spite of everything, the French people kept on thinking —and hoping.

In June the "bachot", the next exam took place. On July 8, 1941, in my sixteenth year, my life as a "secondary" student was over. I had a whole summer to make up my mind as to what I was going to do, or rather as to what the war would let me do. I wanted to be an archaelogist. It satisfied a double desire—my love for the ancient civilizations and my curiosity for unknown countries. But "l'ecole du Louvre" was in Paris, and to send a sixteen year old girl into occupied Paris was out of the question. As for going to England—that could never be. Therefore I decided that I would study for a Master of Arts in history and history of art. Since there was no sign of the war's being over soon, I prepared only one certificate that year. In France, to obtain a Licence es Lettres—the equivalent of an M. A. degree—we must obtain four different certificates. I chose to work in Greek Archaelogy. The subject fascinated me and left me time to learn how to cook and sew, according to my father's wishes.

French students do not live at the university; therefore our contacts with other students are not very frequent. But I became acquainted with a Czech student, a Polish girl, a Chinese girl, and a few artists who had escaped either from the forbidden zone or from Paris.

The next fall, before the opening of the university, my younger brother was married. Our car having been stolen by the Germans, we obtained permission from the authorities to hire a bus. He had a nice wedding in the countryside. That was the last time we danced and had fun for two long years. A few weeks after that, the Americans landed in North Africa. Three days later in spite of all agreements, the German troops invaded the non-occupied zone of France. That was on November 11, 1942, the anniversary of the first World War Armistice day.

That winter was one of the coldest. Food was scarce; coal still scarcer. Vexations of all kinds were imposed on us by the Germans. We had curfew every night at eleven. And many times when we had done something they called "wrong", it was advanced to six. Underground papers and pamphlets against the "Verdigres", as we called the Germans, began to pass from hand to hand. The London-French broadcasts had more and more listeners, though we could not hear clearly because of the

Continued on page 23

Fall Fash

BY .

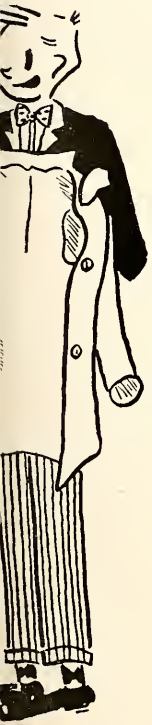
1
"Let it rain" is the motto of the smart Longwood lass who sheds water like friend duck in her bad weather togs.

3
What colleg sing praises resistably cl as this lovel

2
The train will surely stop while the engineer takes a good look at the slick and slim young passenger who is about to board.

s for Fifty

CHETT



wouldn't
ich an ir-
ng charmer

5
If she wears an eye-catching argyle sweater a-top one of the season's new accordian pleated skirts, the Longwood lucious will never worry about lonely week ends.

4
For those long winter slumber periods the intelligent girl chooses a calm and subtle pair of snug, warm pajamas that will be the envy of the dorm.

WHO WILL BELL THE CAT?

THE old, old saying "Who will bell the cat?" is known the world over. Nobody knows when or where it originated. However, we do know that Aesop used it in his fables. And we do know that during the fourteenth century, an English author, William Langland, in his poem *Piers Plowman*, presented the down trodden lower class allegorically as a congregation of mice, and the tyrannical King Edward III as the cat they wished to "bell." The bell, of course, represented a curb on the sovereign's power.

The poem printed below is a literal translation of a fourteenth century lyric called "Le Chat et les Souris" (The Cat and the Mice), written by Eustace Deschamps. The translation is responsible for the moralistic twist it takes on.

Of Mice and Men

The story goes that all the mice
Joined strengths in a great assembly
To see what means they might contrive
To fight the cat, their enemy.

They argued loudly 'till they all
Agreed on this device
Whereby, someone would bell the cat,
Oppressor of the mice.

A wise young rat spoke up and said:
"A perfect plan—a coup d'etat,
But here's the trick: we must decide
Just who will bell the cat?"

"Wise counsel," everyone agreed;
"We'll bear it out some day."
And squeaking approbation, each
Mouse went his separate way.

Complacency was everywhere.
They thought their battle—won
Until a puzzled foreign rat
Inquired just what they'd done.

"Ah," they said in smiling pride,
"We've got some scheme of meed:
We'll bell the cat," "That's fine," she said,
"But who will do the deed?"

"Wisely asked", a gray rat said,
And waved his hoary tail:
" 'Tis fault of execution
If our cunning plot should fail."

They all looked 'round to find someone
As brave as he could be
But none seemed to fancy that
The "brave" someone was ***he!***

And still, I wot, the search goes on
In ranks of mouse and man
To find "that someone" brave enough
To carry thru the plan.

Envoi

Oh, wise complacent councilors,
Attend my story, pray:
"The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley."

For though we oft-times are exposed
To sage advice and that,
Unless we act, it's just a case of
"Who will bell the cat?"

EUSTACE DESCHAMPS

(Translated by Maria Jackson)

Ballade of the Women of Paris

Though there be those who hold not in derision,
The speech of the dames Genoese and Venetian,
Who say that even the old and the ancient,
In carrying messages are truly efficient.
But whether of Piedmont or Florence they be,
Of Savoy or of Rome, or a Lombard lady,
I shall always insist at the risk of my name,
That none can compare with a good Paris dame!

In the teaching of languages many will tell
That Neopolitan ladies most truly excell.
Prussian wives and German fraus have talents immense,
True gossip queens of the old backyard fence.
Visit the best of them throughout this terrain:
From the far Balkan states to the borders of Spain,
Travel to the countries of ancient acclaim,
There are none to compare with a good Paris dame!

Brittany's wives are ignorant of lively abuse
Gascon wives and Swiss dames and those of Toulouse
One good herring peddler of Paris' Petit Pont
Could rout them completely "dans un seul moment"
Valencia girls, too, and London ladies sedate.
(Female tongues of all lands in this verse I could state.)
But over and over you'll hear me exclaim
That none can compare with a good Paris dame!

Envoi

Oh Prince, reward not to the ladies Ionic,
The prize for the best that's histrionic.
Ladies of Paris deserve the praise and the fame,
For there's none to compare with a good Paris dame!

FRANCOIS VILLON
(Translated by Betty Collier)

The Night Before Rat Day

'Twas the night before "Rat Day", when all through the dorm
Not a freshman was sleeping, awaiting the storm;
Bath caps were hung on the bedpost with dread,
In hopes that the sophomores would all drop dead.
The sophs were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of rat court danced in their heads;
And I in my housecoat, with rules in my lap,
Had just settled down for a brief little nap, . . .
When out in the hall there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Over to the door I flew like a flash,
Tripped over the wastecan and spilled all the trash.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But the Hall President, and our House Mother dear;
I ran to the closet, came back in a dash,
Grabbed up the dustpan, and swept up that trash.

Diane Murray

It Happens to Every Freshman

Bessie Matthews

Dear Diary:

September 17. Today I leave for college. It is strange to have such mixed emotions over going. Really, I am very glad that I am finally old enough to be sufficiently able to leave home. But already I feel myself clinging desperately to the safe, substantial home of my childhood. I am beginning to be very homesick.

2:30 p. m. I hated to tell Daddy good-bye. It made me feel depressed—almost like weeping.

3:30 p. m. At last I have arrived at Longwood. And what a hub-bub! I never dreamed there could be so many depressed, confused, green, stupid freshmen! Although the "girls in white," try vainly to lead us in the right directions, we just ***can't*** keep those halls straight ! !

4:30 p. m. I am in my "home away from home." Lucky me—new furniture! But it's going to take more than a pretty room to make me want to stay in this place. I "wanna go" ***home!***

5:00 p. m. Mother and Tommy said good-bye and left for my beloved Kenbridge! Oh, how my heart aches to be in that dear old car heading homeward! Just wait until my first week-end. I must swallow my tears and get acquainted with my roommate from Norfolk. After all, I shouldn't be sad. She's ***so*** much farther from home than I.

6:00 p. m. We try to eat. After the evening meal, we return to our rooms to meditate and weep in solitude.

September 18. Blue Monday. There's only one thing that has saved us freshmen from catastrophe—our orientation sheets.

12:15 p. m. We are practically starved.

1:00 to 6:00 p. m. Unlimited lectures and unlimited welcomes! But somehow we have lived through this first day.

September 19. More lectures, more welcomes, more homesickness. Our hearts are just one constant ache. We are homesick —period.

September 20. Tests, questionnaires, more lectures. Fifty per cent of the freshmen have phoned home. What a pile of money!

September 21. We are beginning to get acquainted with the campus, the buildings, and the upper-classmen. "Longwood girls are so ***friendly!"***

We're being showered with parties, parties, parties! Maybe they do care about us. Although I still feel a slight tinge of homesickness, I'm beginning to like the place!

September 22. Thank goodness classes have begun at last. Those rascals, the Sophs, directed us to Third Floor Annex for typing! We'll get even with them yet.

September 23. Learning to wash clothes —just another part of the "General Curriculum"! !

I have to write two papers, read a 1,000 page biography, study the first five chapters in World History and transcribe sixteen pages of shorthand before Monday. No time for homesickness.

Tonight the Hampden-Sydney boys are coming over. Hampden-Sydney is a great asset to Longwood; it's only seven miles away.

September 24. Only a few hours' rest! We rise, don our fall finery, and go to church. The church people are so nice. They remind me of the Kenbridge people.

Lots of parents must be "homesick"! So many drove up today to see their daughters!

September 25-29. Where did this week go?! Why here it is Friday, and I've written Mon only ***once*** this week! Gee, but I love this college life! Why, it's so much fun! The girls are so sweet! And the teachers so nice! You know—it's almost as nice

Continued on page 21

A Fawn

A fawn leaned to the wind,
And from across a mirrored lake
I saw her lift her dainty head.
She stood erect;
And then—
With graceful step
She turned—
And was gone.

Roberta Browning

Worth Investigating

prop up on these

ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Reviewed by Sara Creger

ACROSS the River And Into the Trees is the poignant story of a man and his preparation for death.

The old soldier is Colonel Richard Cantwell, who is old in age but not in spirit. Colonel Cantwell, now having served in two European wars, must reconcile himself to the fact that he is dying of a heart disease and not in glorious battle. Spending his last three days in one last fling with the woman he loves, the Colonel reflects on his fifty-one years of life. We see him as an unsuccessful man. His bitterness is caused by an extremely embittered marriage, his reduction from the rank of general, and the obscure way in which his life must end. Nevertheless, in spite of his bitterness, Colonel Cantwell seems happy. This is shown in his love for Renata, a young Venetian countess. We see happiness reflected in his appreciation and admiration of the arts of Italy.

Hemingway's conception of approaching death is convincing, and when at last the three days are over, we are prepared, as is Colonel Cantwell, for the hero's death.

Although not exciting, the story moves without pause in an interesting way with dialogue that is typically Hemingway; blunt and honest. The style is polished but in places it lacks that perfect finish that is also characteristically Hemingway.

To most readers, this book will probably be disappointing, because it does not live up to the author's reputation. Ernest Hemingway has recently had a fight with death himself. He had something to tell the world, and realizing how one could die unexpectedly, he gave his message, throwing all rules of style and polish to the four winds. In this one short novel, he has expressed his own bitterness and criticisms through Colonel Cantwell.

Now Ernest Hemingway is working on what he says will be his best novel. We are still waiting for his best, or at least something that will live up to his previous novels.

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO

BY GIOVANNI GUARESCHI

Reviewed by Sally Brickman

FINALLY, someone has had the spirit to use a lightweight, but extremely irritating weapon against the oppressive fear of Communism—laughter. Here is a happy book. ***The Little World of Don Camillo*** is a series of stories centered about the rivalry between an Italian priest, Don Camillo, and a Communist mayor, Peppone, in a small Italian town. Each story is an illustration of their struggle for political domination. Here is whimsicality, charm, simplicity and sly satire.

Don Camillo has many problems with his devoted flock, but the baptism of Peppone's son precipitates the most burdensome problem of all. The question is: Will he be named Lenin Libero Antonio or will he become Camillo Libero Antonio?

Being a fervent priest, Don Camillo can do nothing without first consulting Christ above the altar. This is done verbally and not without argument on the part of Don Camillo. At one time Peppone confesses to a beating he had given Don Camillo. While

he is saying twenty Hail Mary's and twenty Our Father's, Don Camillo is trying in vain to receive permission from Christ to return the insult. But, no, his hands were made for blessing. However, as Peppone bends over the rail, the temptation was too much. There was no such stipulation about one's feet! "There's something in that," replies Christ, "but, I warn you, just one."

Despite their political antagonism, both priest and mayor were passionately fond of hunting, and the private grounds of Baron Stocco afforded an irrestistible temptation. To the embarrassment and humiliation of both, they caught each other in the act of poaching. To make matters worse, they must also be partners in the crime of overcoming the gamekeeper and escaping. Curiously, the gamekeeper had never heard of gathering mushrooms with guns.

It was a terrible thing to be awakened by a loudspeaker aimed, of course, toward the church, blasting Communist folderol. But Don Camillo was an obedient priest and, at the remonstrances of Christ above the altar, he replaces the brass candlestick which he had been brandishing above his head. However, it is impossible to stop him from ringing the bells, because he had pulled the ladder up with him. Consequently, the progaganda blotted out, the fiery Red Tirade becomes a watery pink appeal to patriotism.

When the reader dries his tears and stifles his last laugh, he realizes that behind the candid humor and the simplicity is an undeniable depth of human emotion —Don Camillo's love for people. With human warmth and sympathetic insight the spirited Italian priest stands beside Father Smith in his appeal to the reader's heart. It is not by accident that we also laugh at pompous Peppone as he pits his wiles against the more subtle Don Camillo. How the hilarious pair finally settle their struggles is irrelevant to the purposes of the author and never actually revealed. That is not the point. That they really agree on the essentials is the closing note of the book.

The author, Giovanni Guareschi, has been called the Italian James Thurber for the humor and human twist of his drawings and writings. In an autobiographical sketch, ***How I Got This Way,*** we find that he is not only author of eight other books, but also editor-in-chief of "Candido," an Italian magazine.

THE BIZARRE SISTERS

BY JAY AND AUDREY WALZ
Reviewed by Patricia Taylor

ONE hundred and fifty years ago in Southside Virginia lived a family which walks right out of the history books in ***The Bizarre Sisters*** — the Randolphs. There is Richard Randolph of Bizarre, his wife and second cousin Judith (the Randolphs were much addicted to intermarriage), her younger sister Nancy, and Richard's brother John Randolph of Roanoke.

When Nancy Randolph comes to live at Bizarre with her sister, she and handsome Richard fall in love. Court proceedings follow, with Patrick Henry and John Marshall as attorneys for the defense. Released from jail, Richard has learned to love freedom so deeply that he frees all his slaves in his will, which is carried out much sooner that he expects. The scheming Judith, haunted by the realization that Richard loved Nancy, lays the blame for his poisoning upon her sister. Imagining that she sees his ghost following Nancy about Bizarre, she drives her away penniless. Nancy finds a little happiness after she marries Gouverneur Morris, the famous New York Federalist. The oil portrait which she sends Judith's deafmute son, St. George, is ironically, one of the few possessions saved when Bizarre burns to the ground.

You will long remember Jay and Audrey Walz's decriptions, whether of family quarrels, political debates, courtroom scenes, or tender moments between Richard and Nancy. Their colorful story reflects the attitudes and customs of 1800. All the characters in the book really lived. You will find this an interesting book, and well worth reading.

It Happens To Every Freshman

Continued from page 17

here as at home! !

September 30. We spent the entire day eating, chatting, and listening to the "U. Va.-Penn." football game (I ***should*** study).

Telephone—for me! Mother just called to give me permission to come home. But I simply can't go this week end. Why, there's the party, the choir practice, and my date. This college life is ***too*** wonderful to waste a minute of it! ! I just love it!

Boyfriend: "We're coming to a tunnel — are you afraid?"
Girlfriend: "Not if you take that cigarette out of your mouth."

—¶—

Sam—Did you test this stuff, Joe?
Joe—Yes, I poured some of it in an ash tray.
Sam—Did it turn green?
Joe—I don't know. I can't find the ash tray.

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J. C. Woolling, Mgr.

The Story Behind The Statues

Continued from page 4

Mr. Huntington wrote:

> "My wife is happy in the thought that the Joan is to stand in your great state and among those whose devotion to ideals will make its dwelling with you a distinction to the sculptor and a tribute of honor to a great woman."

Long may the inspiring influence of Joan of Arc, the "patron saint" of Longwood College, be felt by all the students—those who have gone before and those who are yet to come!

I Remember

Continued from page 11

"brouillage"—a noise made on the waves by the Germans. But each day the underground workers fought the Germans in a new way, and each day the odious "occupants" became angrier. Many young French boys were forced to go into Germany to work, and Jews were trapped and expelled into camps. One day a captured underground man, tortured and naked, jumped from the fourth floor of the headquarters building. It was a gruesome sight! The next day two bombs burst in front of a German theatre and killed ten or more German soldiers. The underground was at work!

During the winter 1943-1944, the nervour strain increased. We were watching the North African campaign and waiting for an American landing. The air warnings became so frequent that we could not rest. With spring the bombardments came. When I was preparing for my last two certificates, I used to study between warnings. They came regularly at one o'clock in the morning. It was a fearful sight to see the starshells bursting in the air and illuminating

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Snack Bar

the city. The noise was deafening.

One night I was suddenly awakened by my brother's shouting, "They have landed!" A four year old dream had come true! But the landing did not mean immediate liberation. From June to August, the air bombings increased. But hope was in our hearts.

In July of that year the Germans threw a last fit of rage against our city. One bright summer afternoon five young men of different backgrounds and beliefs, but all working for the underground were taken as hostages. The next afternoon when they passed through the main street of Lyon, the car in which they were, was stopped, and they were ordered to get out. As each one stepped out of the car, he was shot. For two days they remained, face to the sky, on the sidewalk of the busiest street in Lyon. "Pour l' example" (as an example) the Germans said. One of them was one of my fellow students at the university—a bright young boy and leader of all student organizations.

On August 15, the Allied troops, American and French (de Gaulle's army), landed in the south of France on the Riviera. Eight days later they were in our part of the country. The Germans had apparently given up hope. But around Lyon the fight was still on. The underground men attacked the Gestapo men and fought the German soldiers on the streets. Finally the Germans gave up. But on the night of September 2, 1944, the people of Lyon shivered in their basements at the noise made by twenty-three deafening explosions. In a last fit of rage the Germans had blown up our twenty-three beautiful bridges. At daybreak I watched the river fighting its way against a pile of stones and steel—all that remained of a strong, beautiful bridge of the Napoleonic era. At 9 A. M. the Allied troops entered Lyon. The French, American, and English flags that my family had kept hidden during these four years, were now flying gaily from the windows of our gutted apartment. After hoisting the flags, we went into the streets to greet our liberators. Mother gave our last bottle of champagne to an American soldier. "The Bottle of the Liberation" she called it!

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JUST LAUGHS

Collegian: What did you do with my shirt?
Roommate: Why, I sent it to the laundry.
Collegian: Good heavens! The whole history of England was on the cuff.

—¶—

Daffynitions:
Bore—A fellow who talks on a boast to boast hookup.
Ashtray—A place to put cigarettes butts if there isn't a floor available.

—¶—

Shopper: Have you really shown me everything you have in the shop?
Clerk: Not quite, Madam. We have an overdue account of your on the books if you'd like to see it.

—¶—

Joe: I can hear your new radio set as though it were in my room.
Sam: Then would you help me pay off some of the installments?

—¶—

Mother: "What are you doing dear?"
Her little daughter was making scrawls and scratches on a piece of paper.
Daughter: "I'm writing a letter to Betty."
Mother: "But, my dear, you don't know how to write."
Daughter: "Oh, that doesn't matter. Betty doesn't know how to read either."

—¶—

Definition of a university: A bunch of old buildings with ivy creeping around on the outside and professors creeping around on the inside.

Myrt—Do you know her to speak to?
Madge—No, only to talk about.

—¶—

Man: Am I the only man you ever kissed?
Girl: Yes, and by far the best looking.

—¶—

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all the people who stop buying cigarettes would stop smoking them?

—¶—

Bank teller to man at window: "Sorry, sir, but your wife beat you to the draw.

—¶—

Student: Well, what do you think of our little college town?
Guest: It certainly is unique.
Student: What do you mean unique?
Guest: It's from the Latin "Unus" meaning "one" and "equus" meaning "horse".

—¶—

Husband: "Why did you tell my wife what time I came in last night after I told you to be quiet about it?"
Maid: "I didn't, sir. She asked me what time it was, and I told her I was so busy cooking breakfast that I didn't notice!"

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